

THE
MONTHLY REPOSITORY,
AND LIBRARY OF
Entertaining Knowledge.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1832. No. 6

MECHANICAL LABORS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

RUINS OF TENTYRA.

THE history of Egypt presents nothing more wonderful than the magnitude and durability of the public works which were accomplished by her ancient inhabitants. When we view the intricacies of the Labyrinth, or endeavor to realize the vast conception of the Pyramids, we are at a loss to imagine what principles could have made her architects so prodigal of labor and expense. They appear to have planned their structures for the admiration of the most distant posterity, and with the view of rendering the fame of their mechanical labors coeval with the existence of the globe. It is supposed by some that religion must have been their ruling spirit. And it has been suspected that that tenet in their belief, which assured them of the return of the soul at some future period to reanimate the body it once inhabited, induced them to take such extraordinary precautions to preserve the remains of their princes and great men in an entire and uncorrupted state. Indeed, there can be little doubt that Egypt is indebted to the mythological tenets of her ancient sages, for those magnificent architectural wonders, which still distinguish her from the rest of the earth. And it is very remarkable of this people, that all their great efforts were made at a time, when in regard to religious faith, they were in the

grossest ignorance and darkness, and that when light sprang up around them, their power seemed to decay—yielding to the domination of barbarian tribes, who were indebted to them for all their knowledge. Persia added nothing to the mechanical arts or architectural improvement of Egypt; the Greeks presumed not to rival their masters in the construction of temples, pyramids, and labyrinths; and the propagation of the Christian religion put an end to the lofty imaginations which the subjects of the Pharaohs were wont to realise in their national structures. This last contributed most of all to the extinction of that spirit which had impelled the Egyptians to undertake and carry into effect designs so vast and imperishable as those which still excite the astonishment of the traveller. The days of their mythology were those of their proudest glories. The belief in the divine origin of their kings, and also the dogma that the soul was to return to its ancient tenement in the flesh, encouraged them to erect monuments which might reject the pressure of ten thousand years, and carry the fame of their authors to the very threshold of eternity. But when the exercise of their primitive superstition was no longer allowed, the temples were gradually abandoned, and the spirit of the people yielded to a more prevailing power. Besides those immense works which display the gigantic glans and mechanical resources of the ancient Egyptians, the ruins of Tentyra and Thebes furnish specimens of the finer arts of architecture, statuary and painting, which still delight the eye of the traveller of taste.

As the frontispiece of the present number, we have selected a view of the ruins of the ancient Tentyra, with its magnificient temple and gateway. Speaking of these wonderful exhibitions of mechanical skill, Champollion says, "All that I had ever seen, all that I had ever admired, appeared miserable in comparison with the gigantic conceptions by which I was surrounded. I shall take care not to attempt to describe any thing; for either my description would not express a thousandth part of what ought to be said, or, if I drew even a faint sketch, I should be taken for an enthusiast or perhaps for a madman." Denon, the friend and companion of Bonaparte, is still more enthusiastic; in his splendid work on Egypt

he thus gives utterance to his feelings : " I wish I could here transfuse into the soul of my reader, the sensations which I experienced. I was too much lost in astonishment to be capable of cool judgment ; all that I had hitherto seen served here but to fix my admiration. I felt that I was in the sanctuary of the arts and sciences. How many periods presented themselves to my imagination at the sight of such an edifice ! How many ages of creative ingenuity were requisite to bring a nation to such a degree of perfection and sublimity in the arts ; and how many more of oblivion to cause these mighty productions to be forgotten, and to bring back the human race to the state of nature in which I found them on this very spot ! Never was there a place which concentrated in a narrower compass the well marked memorials of a progressive lapse of ages. What unceasing power, what riches, what abundance, what superfluity of means must a government possess, which could erect such an edifice, and find within itself artists capable of conceiving and executing the design of decorating and enriching it with every thing that speaks to the eye and the understanding ! Never did the labor of man show me the human race in such a splendid point of view ; in the ruins of Tentyra, the Egyptians appeared to me giants. I wished to take every thing on paper, but I could hardly venture to begin the work ; I felt that not being able to raise my powers to the height which was before my admiring eyes, I could only show the imperfection of the imitative art. I was confused by the multiplicity of objects, astonished by their novelty, and tormented by the fear of never again visiting them. On casting my eyes on the ceilings, I had perceived Zodiacs, planetary systems and celestial hemispheres, represented in a tasteful arrangement ; I saw that the Supreme Being, the first cause, was every where depicted by the emblems of his attributes ; and I had but a few hours to examine, to reflect on and to copy what it had been the labor of ages to conceive, to put together and to decorate ; with my pencil in my hand I passed from object to object, distracted from one by the inviting appearance of the next, constantly attracted to new subjects and again torn from them. I wanted eyes, hands and intelligence vast enough to see, copy and reduce to order, the multitude of strik-

ing images which presented themselves before me. I was ashamed at representing such sublime objects by such imperfect designs, but I wished to preserve some memorial of the sensations which I here experienced."

It was from the ceiling of the temple of Tentyra that the famous Egyptian Zodiac was taken by Napoleon and carried to Paris. From the astronomical drawings on this Zodiac, mathematicians have concluded that it must have been formed in the first century of the Christian era. The reign of Tiberius has been fixed on as the period of the construction of the building; and a time when the summer solstice was in Cancer as the date when the Zodiac was carved; whence it follows that the period in question could not be far removed from the birth of Christ.

For a minute description of Tentyra, and for much valuable information on other matters connected with Egyptian antiquities, see Russell's Egypt, 23d vol Harper's Family Library.

CABINET OF NATURE.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY REV. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

[Concluded from page 116.]

Retrace your steps to the upper bank, and then, if your strength holds out, proceed a short way further to the enjoyment of a view, already referred to, which excels every other in this place of many wonders. It is obtained from a bridge or platform, which has recently been thrown out over some rocks,* and is carried to the very brink of the Horseshoe Fall, and even projects beyond it, so that the spectator at the end of the platform is actually suspended over it. And if he is alone, and gives way to his feelings, he must drop upon his knees, for the grandeur of the scene is overpowering. The soul is elevated, and at the same time subdued as in an awful and heavenly presence. Deity is there. The brooding and commanding Spirit is there. "The Lord is upon many waters." The heights and the depths,

* These are called the Terrapin Rocks.

the shadows and the sunlight, the foam, the mist, the rainbows, the gushing showers of diamonds, the beauty, and the power, and the majesty all around and beneath, environ the spirit with holiest influences, and without violence compel it to adore. "Deep calleth unto deep." The cataract, from its mysterious depths, calleth with its thunder, back to the deep lake, and up to the deep sky, and forward to the deep ocean, and far inward to the deep of man's soul. And the answer of the lake, and the answer of the sky, and the answer of the ocean, are praise to the Maker, praise to Him who sitteth above the water-flood, praise to the Almighty God ! And where is the soul which will not also hear that call, and answer it even with a clearer and louder answer, and cry, Praise to the Creator, praise to the infinite and holy, and blessed God !

These Falls are not without their history ; but, like their depths, it is enveloped with clouds. Geologists suppose, and with good apparent reason, that time was when the Niagara fell over the abrupt bank at Queenstown, between six and seven miles below the place of the present Falls, and that it has, in the lapse of unknown and incalculable years, been wearing away the gulf in the intermediate distance, and toiling and travelling through the rock, back to its parent lake. The abrupt termination of the high bank and table land at Queenstown ; the correspondence of the opposite cliffs to each other all the way up to the Falls ; the masses of superincumbent limestone, which both the American and Canadian cataracts hurl, from time to time, into the boiling abyss,* all seem to favor this supposition. But when did the grand journey begin ? When will it end ? How vain to ask ! How momentary human life appears, when we give our minds to such contemplations ! Where was the cataract toiling in its way, when none but the

* Within a few years several pieces of the upper stratum have been thrown down. The waters, however are now obliged to act upon a surface three times wider than that which formerly sustained them, and the limestone is becoming more and more compacted with the harder chert, as they approach Black Rock. Their retrocession must therefore be slow, beyond the power of computation. Beneath the limestone strata, there is a layer of loose shale, which is easily washed away, and which is always first hollowed out before the limestone falls.

awe-struck Indian came to bow before its sublimity ? Where was it, when the moss-buried trunk, which now lies decaying by its borders, was a new sprung sapling, glittering with the spray-drops which fed its infant leaves ? Where was it, before the form of a single red man glided through the forest ? Where was it, when lofty trees stood by it in the intimate sympathy of centuries, which long since have been resolved into earth ? Where was it, when winds and clouds were its only visitors ; and when the sun and blue heaven by day, and the moon and stars by night, alone looked down and beheld it, the same as they do now ? And is not science blind and foolish, when, being in her elements and leading-strings, she lisps impiety, instead of prayer ?

Four days flew by us like the waters of the rapids, while we staid here, and then came our time for departure. As we rode down to Lake Ontario, on the bank of the river, and turned every moment to catch glimpses of the Falls, we were favored, when between two and three miles on our way, with a full view of the whole cataract, through an opening in the woods. We stopped and alighted, in order to enjoy the melancholy pleasure of contemplating it for the last time. It looked softer and gentler in the distance, and its sound came to the ear like a murmur. I had learned to regard it as a friend ; and, as I stood, I bade it, in my heart, farewell.

Farewell, beautiful, holy creation of God !—Flow on, in the garments of glory which he has given thee, and fill other souls, as thou hast mine, with wonder and praise. Often will my spirit be with thee, waking, and in dreams. But soon I shall pass away, and thou wilt remain. Flow on, then, for others' eyes, when mine are closed, and for others' hearts, when mine is cold. Still call to the deeps of many generations. Still utter the instructions of the Creator to way-faring spirits, till thou hast fulfilled thy work, and they have all returned, like wearied travellers, to their home.

THE broad volume of nature never contradicts the volume of inspiration. The seven thunders of the Apocalypse may be heard in the roar of Niagara.

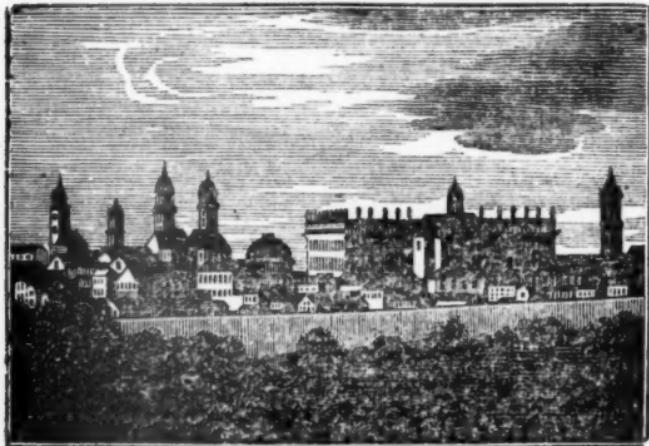
THE PLANETARY WORLDS.

THE *number* of systems in the heavens which lie within the range of our telescopes, is reckoned to be at least a hundred millions (100,000,000.) In the regions of infinite space beyond the boundary of all these, it is not improbable that ten thousand times 100,000 millions of other systems are running their ample rounds. With each of these systems, it is probable that at least a hundred worlds are connected.* Every one of these worlds and systems, we have reason to believe, differs from another, in its size, splendor, and internal arrangements, in the peculiar beauties and sublimities with which it is adorned, and in the organization and capacities of the beings with which it is furnished. The immense multitude of rational beings and other existences with which creation is replenished, is an idea which completely overpowers the human faculties, and is beyond the power of our arithmetical notation to express. Even the multiplicity of objects in *one* world or system, is beyond our distinct conception. What very feeble and imperfect conceptions have we attained of the immensity of radiations of light incessantly emitted from the sun and falling upon our globe, and of the innumerable crossings and re-crossings of these rays from every object around, in order to produce vision to every beholder! of the incalculable myriads of invisible animalculæ which swim in the waters and fly in the air, and pervade every department of nature! of the particles of vapor which float in the atmosphere, and of the drops of water contained in the caverns of the ocean! of the many millions of individuals belonging to every species of vegetables, of which 50,000 different species have already been discovered, and of the number of trees, shrubs, flowers and plants of every description, which have flourished since the creation! of the countless myriads of the lower animals, and of the human species, which have been brought into existence since the commencement of time,

* With the solar system to which we belong, there are connected more than a hundred globes of different sizes, if we take into account the planets both primary and secondary, and likewise the comets.

and of those which are yet to appear in regular succession till time shall be no more ! of the immense variety of movements, adjustments, and adaptations, connected with the structure of an animal body, of which fourteen thousands may be reckoned as belonging to the system of bones and muscles comprised in the human frame, besides a distinct variety of as numerous adaptations in each of the 60,000 different species of animals which are already known to exist ! of the countless globules contained in the eyes of the numerous tribes of beetles, flies, butterflies, and other insects, of which 27,000 have been counted in a single eye ! And, if the multiplicity of objects in one world overwhelms our powers of conception, and computation, how much more the number and variety of beings and operations connected with the economy of millions of worlds !

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, NO. VI.



BERLIN.

BERLIN is the capital of the kingdom of Prussia, and the scene of many of the diplomatic negociations and intrigues of European politics. It stands upon the river Spree, which divides the city into two parts, and, though but an insignificant stream, is invaluable to the inhabit-

ants both as a means of cleanliness and a vehicle of commerce. To the eastward this river communicates with the Oder by means of a canal, and thus brings down to Berlin the minerals, the corn, and the manufactures of Silesia; to the west it bears the exports of Berlin to the Havel, the Havel bears them into the Elbe, and on the Elbe they descend to Hamburgh.

The entrance to Berlin on the west is by the Brandenburgh Gate, the most simple and majestic portal in Europe. It is an imitation of the Propylæum of Athens. Six lofty fluted Doric pillars, on each side support an entablature without any pediment; a gateway passes between each couple of pillars. On the entablature stands the bronze figure of Victory, drawn in her chariot by four horses, and bearing the Prussian eagle in triumph. From the portal you enter, at once, the most splendid street in Germany. It runs due east and west from the Brandenburgh gate which closes the perspective at one extremity, while the royal palace terminates it at the other. This street is divided into five parallel walks by double rows of lime trees and horse-chesnuts, and from the predominance of the former is called *Unter den Linden*. Many of the buildings which line the sides of this beautiful street are ample and imposing though of a somewhat promiscuous character, some of them being the abodes of courtly and diplomatic pomp, some of them extensive hotels, and others the establishments of celebrated restaurateurs. This street is the scene of all the bustle of Berlin, but not the bustle of business; it is the bustle of idle persons amusing and enjoying themselves. During the greater part of the day, especially on Sunday, it is filled with crowds of well-dressed people streaming merrily along, or lounging on the benches beneath the shade of the lime trees. Now and then the king is seen in the alley attended, if attended at all, by a single servant, and enjoying with as much plain heartiness as the meanest of his subjects. the beauty and comforts of the scene. The idlers rise from their benches as he passes, the gentlemen take off their hats, and the ladies make their best courtsey. The king has a nod or a smile for every body and passes on. Except the Linden, the appearance of Berlin is regular and dull. Between the Brandenburgh gate and the pa-

lace are crowded together nearly all the fine edifices in Berlin. The guard, the university, the arsenal, the opera house, the theatre, and the palace, are all in the neighborhood of each other. The palace has nothing to recommend it but its huge size and the splendor of its furniture. The arsenal, though it has neither porticoes nor pillars, is the finest building in Berlin; the extent and simplicity of its fronts are majestic, and its military trophies and emblematical groupes display a great deal of excellent workmanship. In the public architecture of Berlin there is a tiresome degree of uniformity, arising from the constant repetition of the same forms and combinations. The general style is an Ionic portico before a plain front. The ground floor, formed of rustic work, projects, and on this is raised the portico. This disagreeable uniformity is the more striking in Berlin, from the proximity of the buildings. Thus in one *Place* stand the theatre, two gorgeous churches and the university, all in the same style.

The university, though only founded in 1810, is already the most flourishing in Germany. Its establishment is owing to Professor Wolff, the celebrated philologist, who is himself its brightest ornament. Berlin contains about 200,000 inhabitants.

RUINS OF MOAB.



We obtained, says Buckingham, a distant view of Oom-el-Russas, about eight or ten miles off, to the

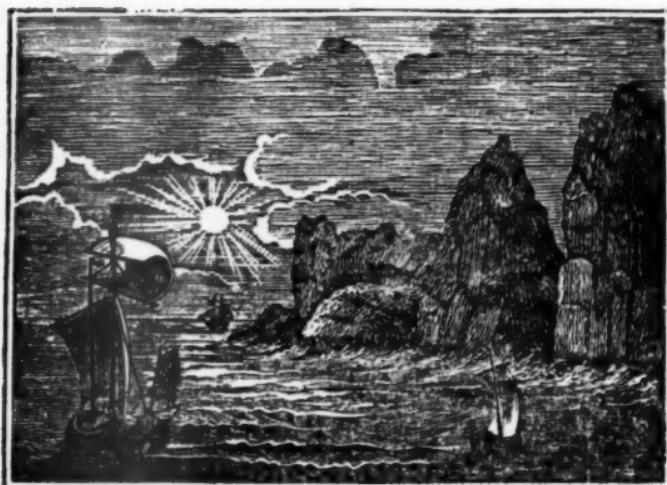
southward of us. The only conspicuous object which presented itself to our view, at this distance, was a high tower, looking like a monumental column, standing alone. We continued our way towards it in nearly a straight line, over a gently rising ground, with an improving soil, and reached it about noon.

On entering the site of this ruined town, we came first to some smoothly hewn cisterns in the rock, with marks of a large quarry, from which abundance of stone had been taken away, for building. Beyond these, and on a higher level, we found a portion of a square building, resembling the remains of a small fort, the walls of which were pierced with long and narrow loop-holes for arrows or musketry. A few paces south of this, stood the tower which had shown itself so conspicuously at a distance. This tower was not more than ten feet square at its base, and from thirty to forty feet high; the masonry in it not being remarkable either for its strength or elegance. On the shaft of this square pillar, for so it might well be called, was a sort of square capital, cut off from the body of the tower by a shelving moulding raised at the corners like the covers of the Roman sarcophagi, scattered so abundantly over the country. At each corner of this square capital was a plain Doric column, small size, supporting a florid cornice, sculptured with an arabesque pattern, and curved outwards at the corners in the most fanciful manner.

On the north, the east, and the west sides of this tower, and about midway between its base and summit, a Greek cross was sculptured in relief, and contained within a circle: but on the south side this emblem was not to be found. In various parts parts of it were many marks like those on the wells and cisterns of El The-med; and as this tower is unquestionably of a date much posterior to the days of the Israelites sojourning in these parts, and of Greek or Roman work, in the decline of these empires, the marks are most probably those of the Arabs. The inquiry suggested would still be useful, however, inasmuch as if the characters on the Written Mountain were found generally resembling these, it might be concluded that they also were the work of Arabs, and not of the Jews, during their wandering in the Desert of Sin.

To the eastward of this tower, a few paces only, are remains of ruined buildings, and to the southward are seen foundations, with broken pottery, and other vestiges of former population, extending for more than half a mile to the first division of enclosed dwellings belonging to the town. This is about 200 yards square, the walls are low, but are constructed of large stones, and the interior of this space is filled with ruined buildings, the arch doorways of which are the only parts remaining perfect. These arches are all of the Roman shape; and I observed amongst the ruins, in several places, appearances of stone beams having been laid on the walls, so as to reach from side to side, and support entirely the roof of the dwelling.

THE NORTH CAPE.



THIS Cape forms the most northerly point of the continent of Europe, and may be regarded as one of the sublimest wonders of nature. It is situated within the arctic circle, in seventy-one degrees ten minutes north latitude. It has been accurately described by a late voyager, from whose account the following particulars are extracted.

In approaching the Cape, a little before midnight, its

rocks at first appeared to be nearly of an equal height, until they terminated in a perpendicular peak ; but, on a nearer view, those within were found to be much higher than those of the extreme peak, or point. Their general appearance was highly picturesque. The sea, breaking against this immovable rampart, which had withstood its fury from the remotest ages, bellowed, and formed a thick border of white froth. This spectacle, equally beautiful and terrific, was illuminated by the MIDNIGHT SUN ; and the shade which covered the western side of the rocks rendered their aspect still more tremendous. The height of these rocks could not be ascertained ; but here every thing was on so grand a scale, that a point of comparison could not be afforded by any ordinary known objects.

On landing, the party discovered a grotto, formed of rocks, the surface of which had been washed smooth by the waves, and having within a spring of fresh water. The only accessible spot in the vicinity was a hill, some hundred paces in circumference, surrounded by enormous crags.—From the summit of this hill, turning towards the sea, they perceived to the right a prodigious mountain, attached to the Cape, and rearing its sterile mass to the skies. To the left, a neck of land, covered with less elevated rocks, against which the surges dashed with violence, closed the bay, and admitted but a limited view of the ocean. To see as far as possible into the interior, our navigators climbed almost to the summit of the mountain, where a most singular landscape presented itself to the view. A lake in the foreground had an elevation of at least ninety feet above the level of the sea ; and on the top of an adjacent, but less lofty mountain, was another lake. The view was terminated by peaked rocks, chequered by patches of snow.

At midnight the sun still remained several degrees above the horizon, and continued to ascend higher and higher till noon, when having again descended, it passed the north, without dipping below the horizon. This phenomenon, which is as extraordinary to the inhabitants of the torrid and temperate zones, as snow is to the inhabitants of the torrid zone, could not be viewed without a particular interest. Two months of continued day-light, during which space the sun never sets, seem

to place the traveller in a new state of existence ; while the effect on the inhabitants of these regions is singular. During the time the sun is perpetually above the horizon, they rise at ten in the morning, dine at five or six in the evening, and go to bed at one. But, during the winter season, when, from the beginning of December until the end of January, the sun never rises, they sleep above half of the twenty-four hours, and employ the other half in sitting over the fire, all business being at an end, and a constant darkness prevailing.

The cause of this phenomenon, as it affects the northern and southern regions of the earth, may be readily understood. The sun always illuminates half the earth at once, and shines on every side ninety degrees from the place where he is vertical. When he is vertical over the equator, or equidistant from both poles, he shines as far as each pole ; and this happens in spring and autumn. But, as he declines to the north in summer, he shines beyond the north pole, and all the countries near that pole turn round in perpetual sunshine : he, at the same time, leaves the south pole an equal number of degrees, and those parts turn round in darkness. The effect is contrary at each pole in our winter, the sun then declining south of the equator.

About three miles from the North Cape lies Maso, the northermost port of Norwegian Lapland. It is formed of a very fine bay, in which ships may winter with the greatest security.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PERSONS OF MATURE AGE TO
CULTIVATE THE MIND.

Instances have occurred of individuals, in whom the power of imagination has at an advanced period of life been found susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures ! What enchantments are added to their most ordinary perceptions ! The mind awakening, as if from a trance to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature ; the intellectual eye is " purged of its film ;" and things, the most familiar and unnoticed, disclose charms

invisible before. The same objects, which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul; the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last, to a new heaven and a new earth:

“The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.”

DUGALD STEWART.

POPULAR LITERATURE, NO. I.

STEELE.



THE TATTLER.

THAT illustrious philanthropist, Chancellor Brougham, in one of his public addresses, uses this emphatic expression, “the schoolmaster is abroad,” and attributes to the unprecedented diffusion of information among the people, the spirit of liberal inquiry which is making such havoc among the “time hallowed” prejudices of the old world. We have thought that we might profitably employ a page or two in the investigation of this subject, and in tracing the means which have been adopted by liberal minded men to enlighten their fellow creatures upon subjects most nearly connected with their interests.—It is obvious, that whatever be the other facilities of acquiring knowledge, books are indispensa-

ble; and that these, to be generally useful, must be adapted to the intelligence, and brought within the means of ordinary readers. The earliest attempt to accomplish so desirable an end was made by the conductors of the "Tattler," a periodical paper, the first number of which appeared on the 12th of April, 1709. This publication is the first on record, the professed object of which was to afford instruction and entertainment by means of short essays appearing at stated times and sold at a cheap rate. It is true, that papers on a somewhat similar plan had been published in Italy by Casa in his "Book of Manners," and Castiglioni in his "Courtier" as well as in France by La Bruyere in his "Manners of the Age;" but the Tattler was the first work of the kind of which the subjects were literature, morality, and familiar life, and the object "to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables, and in coffee houses." The Tattler was sold at a penny a number, and notwithstanding its modest pretensions, some of the ablest writers in England did not think it beneath them to instruct their countrymen through the medium of its pages. Among the most eminent of its contributors we find STEELE with his wit, ingenuity and good sense; ADDISON with his quiet humor, pure morality, and unexceptionable taste, and SWIFT with his caustic satire and severe, chaste style, "a well of English undefiled."

Steele was the editor and carried on the work under the assumed name of "ISAAC BICKERSTAFF."

The writers of the Tattler did not devote themselves to scientific subjects, for physical science was yet in its infancy, and was to them almost as much a sealed book as to their readers: but they aimed at reforming the vicious, and instructing the ignorant; at shaming the idle into industry, and ridiculing the vulgar into refinement. They wrote at a time when letters was the profession of a few, and knowledge confined to a class; when the amusements of the people were of the most brutal character, and those from whom better things might have been expected, abused their opportunities and wasted their leisure in frivolous pursuits or vicious indulgences. Ignorance was no disgrace, nor was profligacy considered a blot on the escutcheon of a gentleman. It was at

such a time that the *Tattler* undertook to allure the indolent to application, and to shame the vicious to decency. The attempt was a bold one, but it was successful. *GAY*, who lived at the same time with *Steele*, bears this honorable testimony to his merits: "To give you my own thoughts of this gentleman's writings, I shall, in the first place, observe, that there is this noble difference between him and all the rest of our polite and gallant authors: the latter have endeavored to please the age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices and false notions of things. It would have been a jest some time since, for a man to have asserted that any thing witty could be said in praise of a married state; or that devotion and virtue were any way necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. *Bickerstaff* ventured to tell the town, that they were a parcel of fops, fools and vain coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth. Instead of complying with the false sentiments and vicious tastes of the age, either immorality, criticism, or good breeding; he has boldly assured them that they were altogether in the wrong, and commanded them with an authority which perfectly well became him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for virtue and good sense."

The effect produced by the *Tattler* was unparalleled in the annals of literature. The follies he ridiculed were immediately banished; vice was restrained, and virtue and religion promoted. Twenty thousand papers were often sold in a day, and to many the *Tattler* became as necessary as their daily food. It appeared on every tea table, and in every assembly; and even the merchant, on his way to *Change*, carried it in his pocket.

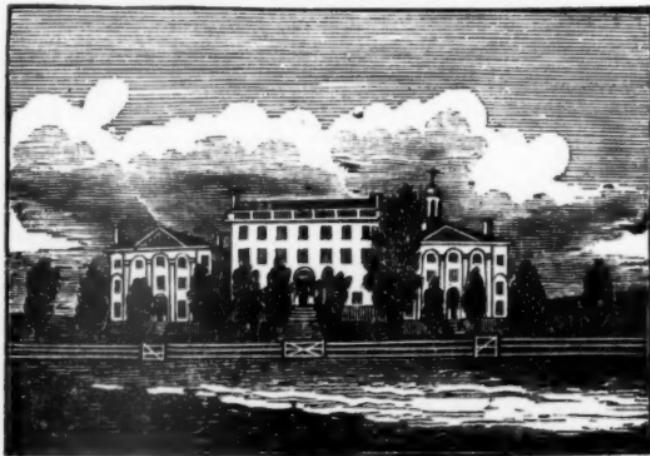
When it was discontinued, and the last paper was issued, full of compliments to the town for their kindness, and bearing the signature of *RICHARD STEELE*, instead of the accustomed one of *ISAAC BICKERSTAFF*, its disappearance was regretted as a public calamity. Every one felt the want of the amusements it had furnished, and the keepers of the coffee houses declared that 'Squire *Bickerstaff*'s lucubrations had brought them more customers than all their other sources of attraction put together.

The *Tattler* was in fact a newspaper, as each number contained a summary of foreign intelligence; and the only difference between it and the other papers of the day consisted in the original essays it contained on morals, literature, and criticism. These essays are the only parts which are now preserved, and they may still be read with general satisfaction.

Each number of the *Tattler* consisted of but two pages, of which nearly one fourth was taken up by advertisements. It reached 271 numbers, and was discontinued the 2d January, 1710.

NEW YORK, November, 1832.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—NO. II.



CAZENOVIA SEMINARY.

In the last number we gave a brief sketch of the College of New Jersey, one of our most renowned and venerable seminaries of learning; one which has established strong claims to attention by the services it has rendered to the cause of literature, and the great men it has presented to our common country. We now, at the request of an esteemed friend, present an account of another literary institution, of more recent origin and modest pretensions. We mean the seminary of Cazenovia, in the State of New York, established by the Oneida Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This establishment does not aspire to the character of an university, and hardly to that of a college; but it is not on that account, less worthy of notice. While the professors in our colleges are giving the final polish preparatory to the introduction of young men to public life, the conductors of our seminaries are laying the foundation of character and habits on which their public usefulness must mainly depend. The task of the former may be more imposing, but it may be questioned whose is the more important—because the more responsible. Entertaining these views, we intend in future notices of literary institutions, not to confine ourselves to those with the proudest titles, but also to speak of such of our higher schools as from liberal endowment, or the talents of their professors, appear likely to exert an extensive influence on the character of the rising generation. Such an one we consider the seminary at Cazenovia.

The governors of this institution displayed admirable taste and foresight in the selection of Cazenovia as the place of its location. It is a pleasant healthy village, containing from 1500 to 2000 inhabitants, and, being situated on the great western turnpike, is rapidly increasing in population, and rising to greater importance. The small lake on whose border it stands, adds much to its pleasantness and beauty, and gives a character of the picturesque to the surrounding scenery. The location of the village is peculiarly happy as regards the health, the comforts, and, we may add, the morals of its inhabitants; it is blessed with good water—so indispensable to health—the air is remarkably pure and free from the miasmatic exhalations, with their accompanying fevers, that pervade so large a portion of our western country:—the surrounding region is open and fertile, displaying on every hand the aspect of industry and plenty, and the people are distinguished for their enterprise, intelligence and morality. The haunts of dissipation and the incentives to vice, so common in cities and large towns, are here unknown, and consequently the morals of the young and inexperienced are not exposed to contamination.

The seminary was opened in 1824, and has steadily advanced in character and usefulness since that time.

It is now under the care of the Rev. William C. Larabee, of Bowdoin College, and has a very respectable number of students. The endowment is liberal, and its funds are continually increasing by donations and subscriptions. The buildings are spacious, containing ample accommodations for the students, besides a laboratory, rooms for chemical and philosophical apparatus, a library, a reading room, and a large boarding hall. These buildings are soon to be extended. The course of study though not as complete as that pursued in colleges, embraces all that is necessary to enable students to enter their higher classes. Its English course is particularly full and satisfactory, including the physical sciences and the higher mathematics. Though but a few years in existence, the Cazenovia Seminary has already exerted a marked influence on the literary character of the part of the state in which it is situated; and has even attracted students from remote regions; from Pennsylvania, Ohio, the New England States, and Canada. We are assured that it has sent forth many excellent practical scholars, and supplied some of our colleges and universities with a number of promising members.

NATURAL HISTORY.

GALL-INSECT.

The history of the gall-insects is curious, chiefly from the power they possess of diverting the laws of vegetation from their ordinary into an extraordinary track. These insects are not all of one kind; but, though differing in many respects, they have this quality in common, that they deposit an egg under the outward covering of a plant, whence a little mansion springs up which provides its inmate both with shelter and food. Judging from the great number of plants attacked by them, it would appear that our insects are destined to fill a very important department in the economy of nature. These excrescences are found in every part of a plant; there is scarcely a portion of the oak, for instance, whether it be root, branch, stalk leaf, or bud, which is not capable of furnishing the gall-insects with a habitation.

Some of the galls are tenanted by only one embryo, others contain many in their larvo state, so that these insect-houses consist either of one or many chambers; they vary in size from the minuteness of a pin's head to the bulk of a walnut; they sometimes resemble fruit, both in shape and color; the gall of the oak, for example, is sometimes shaped like an apple, sometimes like a bunch of currants, and sometimes like an artichoke: but it were endless to enumerate the strange and beautiful diversities which are produced by a tiny insect in a space of time varying from a few hours to a few weeks.



The older botanists mistook the trees in which these vegetable excrescences were produced for distinct species. Thus, Gerard describes a willow which bore something like roses; he talks of it, as not only "making a gallant show, and being set up in houses for the decking of the same," but also as "yielding a most cooling aire in the heat of summer."

"This willow, however," observes Kirby, "is nothing more than one of the common species, whose twigs in consequence of the deposition of the eggs of a cynips in their summit, there shoot out into numerous leaves totally differing in shape from the other leaves of the tree, and arranged not much unlike the flower of a rose, adhering to the stem even after the others fall off."

In consistence, these excrescences have nothing in common with the plant to which they are attached. On the oak, some are found literally as hard as iron, so as to turn the edge of a knife, while others are as juicy and pulpy as fruit. It is not the tree but the insect which regulates this; for it is certain that, on the very same leaf, one species of gall-fly will invariably form

a woody and hard gall-nut, while another as invariably produces a spongy and soft one—although both of these are formed from materials of the same texture. Persons who formerly saw insects emerging from little excrescences having no visible inlet, were induced to believe that they had either been sucked up by the roots with the juices, or generated by putrefaction.

Attentive observation, and the use of a lens of sufficient power, will explain the manner in which the gall-nut rises. The little fly may be seen settling on the part to which its instinct invariably leads it; and introducing a sort of sting, its ovipositor, under the epidermis or skin of the plant: it then moves it about as if to enlarge the orifice, and deposits the egg. These eggs, when examined first in the body of the fly, and afterward in the nut, are found to differ so much in size, that Raumer supposes them to grow after they have been laid. If this be the fact, it is singular, as in that case the egg will not resemble so much that of oviparous animals as that of viviparous.

The plant being alive, we can easily imagine that, if any part of it be wounded, the sap would flow from the orifice, and produce a knob, which would grow and harden into an irregular mass.

The gall-fly, however, has the art of altering the organization of the part: an egg, together with perhaps a most minute drop of fluid, is introduced into a plant; and a part which, under ordinary circumstances, would have expanded into a leaf or stalk, is seen to burst out under the form of a fruit or flower, as evidently organized, as if it had been transferred from the plant which it resembles, to that to which it has no natural affinity.

Why one insect should produce invariably one species of gall, and another insect a different species—why these should resemble the regular forms of parts of other plants, are mysteries extremely difficult, if not utterly incapable, of solution. When the egg is deposited in the young shoot, by a particular kind of gall-fly, instead of pushing forth a sprout, the irritation brings out an abundance of leaves, which gradually assume the figure of an artichoke.

The first general effect produced by the insertion of

the egg is, therefore, to augment the vegetative powers of the part, and the next to alter their action. The hairy gall of the wild rose, formerly employed in medicine, under the name of Bedegaur, has a mossy appearance. Here the liquor of the gall-fly seems to have caused a disjunction of those fibres which in their ordinary state, would have united and formed a leaf. The difference observable in the consistence of these various galls may possibly arise from the different power of absorbing juices possessed by the different insects inhabiting them ; though it is just as possible, in this guess-work, to suppose that the irritation should cause a greater quantity of juices to flow towards the punctured part.



The gall-insects remain five or six months in the larva state, before changing to nymphs ; some undergo all their metamorphoses within the gall-nut, and piercing their prison, come forth as perfect insects : others quit it and bury themselves in the earth, until they arrive at maturity ; soon after which the female becomes impregnated and lays her eggs. Carefully concealed in the manner just described, they escape most of their natural enemies ; but frequently some of the ichneumon tribe contrive to introduce their eggs into the same habitation, and the larva as it grows up feeds on the young of the gall-fly.

This shows that even insects, which nature seems to have gifted with the most remarkable foresight, cannot provide against all the hazards to which their young are exposed. What could an anxious mother do more, than to conceal her offspring in so solid and secret a habitation, as that which envelopes the young gall-fly ? But insects, as small or smaller than those into which the larvæ are transformed, know how to pierce the sides of the cells and to deposite within them an egg, which shall

Fingal's Cave

produce a carnivorous worm, for whom the rightful tenant of the mansion serves as food. When some of these galls are opened, two worms of different sizes will frequently be found, the least sucking the biggest, while the latter sucks the gall-nut. When the ichneumon, for the small worm generally turns into that species of fly, comes out, it is often found to be much bigger than the creature it lived on, and here a difficulty presents itself which requires to be explained. How does it happen that the ichneumon worm should be so much bigger than the gall-insect, which is the only substance on which it feeds? Where does it obtain the additional food required to produce this additional bulk? Not from the gall-nut, for the ichneumon worm does not feed on a vegetable; and as there is no living thing, save the larva of the gall-fly, enclosed with it in the cell, it must in some way or other obtain it from that. The truth is, that Nature has taught the young of the ichneumon not to kill the larva of the gall-fly outright; it wounds only certain parts which are not vital, and from these it extracts its nourishment. The gall worm, therefore, goes on sucking the vegetable juice, and elaborating it into animal matter, and as fast as that process is completed, the ichneumon worm abstracts and appropriates it, and so well-timed are the operations of nature, that the moment the ichneumon worm has reached its perfect state, and requires no farther supply of food, the gall-insect, which previously furnished it with this supply, becomes exhausted, and perishes.

FINGAL'S CAVE.

The following sketch is extracted from a "Journey to the Hebrides," a cluster of small islands on the west coast of Scotland. The author, speaking of this stupendous work of nature, observes:—"The grandeur and majestic simplicity of this vast hall,* the obscur-

* Length of the Cave from the rock without	-	371 ft.
Breadth at the mouth	-	53
Breadth at the farther end	-	20
Height of the arch at the mouth	-	17
Height at the farther end	-	70

FINGAL'S CAVE.



ty which reigns there, and which increases still more the solemnity of the basaltic pillars, the rolling waves striking against the walls, and which in breaking against the bottom of the cavern produce a noise at times similar to the rolling of distant thunder, the echoes resounding from the vault repeating and prolonging all the sounds with a kind of harmony ;—all these features united produce in the mind a sensation which invited us to meditation and to religious awe.

“ Absorbed by the imposing view which we enjoyed, we could hardly cease contemplating the black walls of the cavern, the vast ocean, the mosaic pavement, and the ocean, which is seen prolonging at a distance across the gothic arch which forms the entrance of the vault.

“ The perfect regularity of each basaltic pillar of which these rocks are composed, may, it is true, recall in the first instance the idea of architecture ; but this simile must not be carried too far, as it cannot be supported by profound examination.

“ In addition to the pleasure I experienced from the beauty of the cave, were impressions which added still more to its charms ; among these are the sentiments excited by its situation in the midst of a tempestuous sea, and sheltered from the destroying hand of man in a small isle, for a long period unknown, and continually beaten by floods and tempests ; the idea of the possibility that subterraneous fires might formerly have contributed to its formation ; the distant view of the isle of Iona : but, above all, the idea recalled to the mind by the name of Fingal ! Fingal, Ossian, and the bards assembled perhaps in former times under these vaults ; the music of their harps accompanied the sound of their voices, and mixing with the hoarse winds and waves, it has perhaps more than once re-echoed through these cavities. Here they sung their wars and their victories ; here they commemorated the deeds of those heroes whose shades their imagination depicted to them by the pale light of the moon at the entrance of the solitary cavern ! ”

Oh long shalt thou mourn, in thy echo's deep groan,
Thy hall now all desolate, silent, and lone ;
The honors thou boasted, now sunk to decay,
And the hero thou sheltered in time's early day

Thy walls then re-echoed the deeds he had done,
And the laurels thy hero in battle had won.
But now thou'rt deserted, thy pillars are bare,
Which then were festooned with the trophies of war.
No longer thy Fingal shall seek thy retreat;
No longer his deeds, shall thy echoes repeat.
But dreary and lone, save the traveller's lay,
No sound shall be heard, but the dash of the spray.

CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.**A MOONLIGHT SCENE.**

“The beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars.”

SON OF SIRACH.

There are certain great and magnificent objects in the creation, the contemplation of which has a tendency to produce a kind of internal elevation and expansion; to raise the mind above its ordinary state; and to excite a degree of wonder and astonishment, which it cannot often express. The emotion is certainly delightful; but it is entirely of the serious kind; and it is attended most commonly, by a degree of solemnity and awe, very different from the sprightliest sensations inspired by scenes that glow, as it were, with excessive radiance and overpowering beauty.

The scenes which are most calculated to inspire “sublimities of thought,” are not so much the smiling landscape, the variegated fields, and the dazzling skies, as the venerable woods, the high impending cliff, or the headlong torrent. Hence, too, nocturnal views are commonly the most sublime. The firmament filled with stars, that are scattered through infinite space, with such magnificent profusion, impresses the imagination with ideas far more grand and awful, than when we view it enlightened by all the splendor of the sun. Of this sentiment is our favorite poet of the night.

“And see, Day's amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigating lustre; courts thy sight
Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye—
Night opes the nob'est scenes and sheds an awe

Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception in the intendered heart.

The objects moreover, which the eye contemplates by day, do not affect the pensive mind with a pleasure so serene as the milder glories of a moonlight evening. We then behold a new picture of things, which is more delicately shaded, and disposed into softer lights, than that which the radiant ruler of the day had before displayed. Each tumultuous care and important agitation had vanished with "garish day." The discordant passions are soothed into serenity and peace, by the stillness of all around. In this happy moment we imbibe, as it were, the universal repose of Nature; for there is not an object but seems to be at rest; and the musing wanderer can scarce forbear to exclaim with Lorenzo;

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica ; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion, like an angel, sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim,
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

The greatest poets in every age, have vied with each other in the description of a moonlight evening. But, among the treasures of ancient and modern poetry, I know not one, superior for pleasing imagery, and the variety of numbers, than that of Milton :

"Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were sunk, all but the wakeful nightingale :
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

I can recollect only one description that is worthy to

be mentioned after this. It is of a fine moonlight night, by way of simile, in the eighth book of the *Iliad*. It is esteemed, indeed, a master-piece of nocturnal painting, but Milton's description, it must be observed, leaves off where that of Homer begins.

“As when the Moon, resplendent lamp of night
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yeller verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light,

POPE.

Nor have the sacred writers been unobservant of this bright “sovereign of the shades.” The patriarch Job observes, that he could behold “the moon walking in brightness,” without being seduced to the admiration of aught but the great Creator of the universe. And the Psalmist, from a view of the nocturnal heavens, expresses himself in the most reverential language of astonishment and humility. “When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him ?”—Nor must we omit to mention again the wise son of Simeon, although his writings are not admitted into the sacred canon. “The Lord made the moon also to serve in her season, for a declaration of times, and a sign of the world. For the moon is the sign of feasts, a light decreaseth in her perfection. The month is called after her name, increasing wonderfully in her changing, being the instrument of the armies above, shining in the firmament of heaven, the glory of the stars, an ornament giving light to the highest places of the Lord. At the command of the Holy One they will stand in their order, and never faint in their watches.”—This is paraphrased with great elegance and spirit by Mr. Broome, the honored and not unequal co-adjutor of Pope in his poetical version of the *Odyssey*:

" By thy command the Moon, as daylight fades,
 Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades ;
 Arrayed in glory, and enthroned in light,
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night ;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes still, another, yet the same !
 Now in decrease, by slow degrees, she shrouds
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds :
 Now of increase, her gathering beams display
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day ;
 Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
 Falls when she falls, and rise with her again ;
 And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
 Their burning spangles of sideral gold ;
 Through the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
 Queen of the gay attendants of the night ;
 Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
 And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

But this noble subject is not monopolized by the poets ; it affords ample room for inquiry to the Contemplative Philosopher. Of all the celestial orbs, the moon, next to the sun, has the most beneficial influence upon our globe.—And if her beautiful appearance in the skies, with such constant variations, were insufficient to attract our attention, she would at least inspire us with the warmest sentiments of gratitude and adoration toward the beneficent Being, who has formed and stationed her in such a manner, as to be productive of the most signal advantages to the earth.

(To be Concluded.)

POETRY.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Useful Knowledge.

LAMENT OF POLAND.

You, who sigh for Poland's wo,
 You, who weep her overthrow,
 In her vales our breath we drew,
 From her mountains swept the dew,
 From her rocks and waters free,
 Caught the breath of liberty,
 Sons, from her embraces torn,
 Our lost mother's doom we mourn,
 —From our cottage homes we sprang,
 When her cry of danger rang,

From our babes we turned away,
Poland call'd us,—could we stay?

—We, on Praga's fatal field
Saw her ancient glory yield,
Polish blood fell down like rain,
Russia triumph'd—'twas in vain.

—Wanderers from our land of birth,
Pilgrims on this stranger earth,
Might our friends, our children dear,
Find a peaceful refuge here,
Might they 'neath your glorious sky
Taste of freedom ere they die,
Breathe for you the patriot prayer,
—This would save us from despair.

Hartford, Nov. 1832.

L. H. S.

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

Be ye hush'd every toil!—and each turbulent motion,
That encircles the heart in its treacherous snares;
And the hour that invites to the calm of devotion
Undisturb'd by regret—unincumber'd with cares.

How cheerless the late blooming face of creation!
Weary Time seems to rest in his rapid career;
And pausing awhile midst his own desolation,
Looks exultingly back—on the grave of the year.

Hark! the blast whistles loud—and the shadows are closing,
That inwrap his broad path in the mantle of night;
While pleasure's gay sons are securely reposing,
Undismay'd at the wrecks that have number'd his flight.

From yon temple where Fashion's bright torches are lighted,
Her votaries in throngs, crown'd with garlands appear;
And (as yet their warm hopes by no spectres affrighted)
Assemble to dance—round the grave of the year.

Oh! I hate the stale banquet the triflers have tasted
When I think on the ills of life's comfortless day;
How the flowers of my childhood their verdure have wasted,
And the friends of my youth have been stolen away.

They know not how vain is the warmest endeavor,
To woo the kind moments, so slighted when near:
When the hours that Oblivion has cancell'd forever,
Her hand has entomb'd in the grave of the year.

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What crowds have resign'd life's ephemeral breath!
How many have shed their last tear of dejection,
And clos'd the dim eye in the darkness of death!

How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,
Beneath the sad pall that now covers their bier ;
Or, to death's lonesome valley have gently descended,
And found their last beds—with the grave of the year.

'Tis the year that so late, its new promise disclosing
Rose bright on the happy—the careless and gay—
Who now on their pillows of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses cold on their bosoms of clay

Then talk not of bliss—while her smile is expiring !
Disappointment still drowns it in misery's tear,
Reflect—and be wise ; for the dawn is retiring,
And to-morrow will dawn—on the grave of a year.

Ah ! trust not the gleam of life's perishing taper,
So faintly that shines o'er the wanderer's head ;
'Twill expire—when no sun may dispell the dark vapor,
No dawn of the morning revisit thy bed.

As breaks the white foam on the boisterous billow,
So the visions of pleasure and hope disappear ;
Like night winds that moan through the boughs of the willow,
Or those shades that now meet—round the grave of the year.

Yet awhile and around us no seasons will flourish,
But Silence for each her dark mansion prepare ;
Where beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lilly o'erspread the wan cheek of despair.

But the eye shall with lustre unsading be brighten'd,
When it wakes to true bliss in yon orient sphere :
By sun beams of splendor immortal enlighten'd
Never more to go down—on the grave of the year !

STANZAS.

Where's the man who seeks for *fame* ?
Haste !—the laurel give him—
Unfold the scroll and write his name,
'Tis all the grave will give him !
Where is he that toils for *gold* ?
Give !—let nought alloy it—
When a few brief days are told,
No more can he enjoy it !

Where's the bosom swells with *pride* ?
Spare ! I would not wound it—
For death shall twine at even-tide
His mean, scant garment round it .

Where's the heart on *pleasure* bent ?
 Pour—a double measure—
 Health and life's to-morrow spent—
 Gone will be the treasure !

Where's the soul that looks *above*—
 Pleasure, gold and glory—
 Such as earthly passions move—
 Such as live in story ?
 Take each cup of joy away,
 To others filled and given—
 Oh, what are all these baubles—say—
 To him whose home is—**HEAVEN** !

MAN.

THE human mind—that lofty thing !
 The palace and the throne
 Where awful reason sits as king,
 And breathes his judgment tone—
 O ! who, with fragile step, shall trace
 The borders of that haunted place,
 Nor, in his weakness, own
 That mystery and marvel bind
 That lofty thing, the human mind !

Seck not her thousand thoughts to tell ;
 There essence who may know ?
 Ask not her fancies where they dwell
 Her visions how they glow.
 All soft and beautiful they come ;
 They dream of rest and call it home ;
 Ah ! mark not where they go !
 Enough that, while their light they pour,
 We love the life we loathed before.

THE human heart—that restless thing !
 The tempter, and the tried ;
 The haughty yet the suffering ;
 The chil'd of pain and pride ;
 The buoyant, and the desolate ;
 The home of love, the lair of hate ;
 Self-stung, self-deified !—
 Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
 Thou restless thing—the human heart !

And wherefore bless thee ?—O there lies
 A spell and pow'r in thee,
 And in the torment of thy sighs
 Disguised hope we see.
 Yet though the golden fruit be gone,
 Which once in its own lustre shone
 On Passion's fragrant tree,

Its shade is still divinely sweet,
And fascinates the lingerin' feet.

The human soul—that holy thing !
The silently sublime ;
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn with the scoffs of time :
The beautiful, the veil'd, the bound ;
A prince enslaved ; a victim crown'd ;
The stricken in its prime !—
In tears—in tears to earth it stole—
That holy thing—the human soul !

Lo ! shrined in her sacredness,
And breathing sainted air,
She calls on purity to bless
The presence-hall of prayer :
The dream is curtain'd in the shroud ;
The rest is pillow'd on the cloud,
Her hope, her joy, are there ;
And while she treads the mortal sod,
Her glorious eye is fix'd on God.

And this is Man !—Oh ! ask of him—
The gifted, and forgiven—
When o'er the landscape, drear and dim,
The wreck of storms is driven,
If pride or passion, in their power,
Can chain the tide, or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven ;
He bends the brow, he bows the knee—
“Creator—Father—none but thee !”

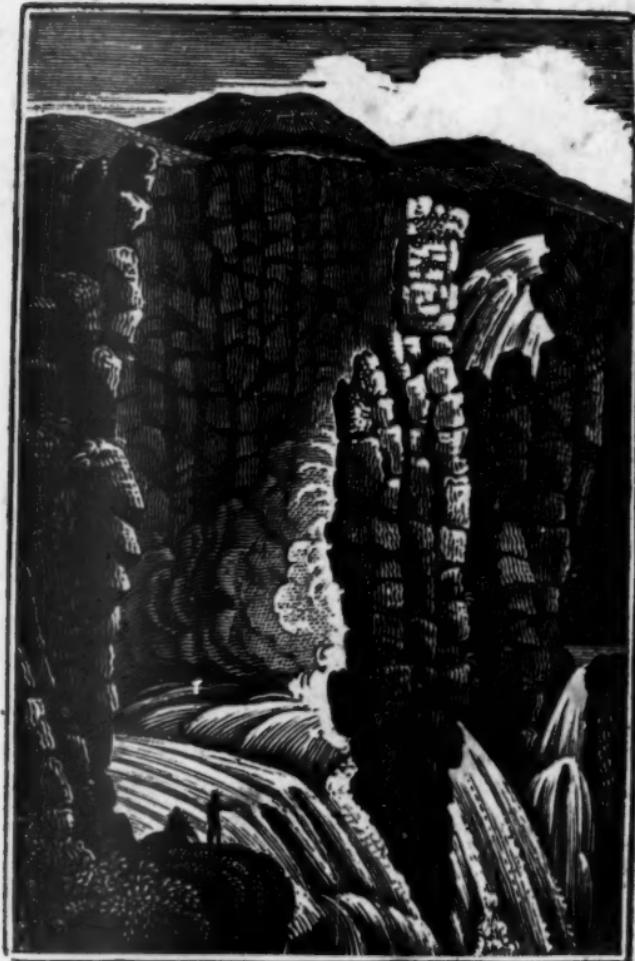
THE RAINBOW.

Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it: very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof; and the hands of the Most High have bended it.—*Ecclesiasticus, chap. 43.*

He hath lit up the sky with His thousand rays,
And spread forth His arch mid the sun's bright blaze :
He hath spanned the waves with His glorious bow,
And dyed with its colours the ships below.

He hath look'd on the clouds, and they've floated away :
He hath gilded the rocks, and gemm'd them with spray :
He hath breath'd on the waters, and bid them be still :
He hath hush'd the broad waves with the word o' His will.

He hath open'd the heaven's, He hath sent forth his showers,
To gladden the field and the spring-starting flowers :
And now He hath gather'd the tears of the sky,
And spread them abroad, like smiles from on high.—H. T***.



FALLS OF WILBERFORCE